

# YOUTH'S HISTORY OF AMERICA.

"Now, Henry, you may tell me where Chicago is?"

"In the State of Illinois."

"That used to be so, but it was changed several years ago. The State of Illinois, as well as several other states, are now in the Beef Trust. James, you may tell me the difference between Bunker Hill and the Beef Trust."

"In the one case we licked the British, and in the other the Beef Trust licked us."

"Correct. Sarah, you may tell me who originated the Beef Trust?"

"A band of patriots who found that patriotism was being held too cheaply in America. They raised the price about 15 per cent. Anyone who can afford porterhouse steak now is a real patriot and ready to die for his country."

"That is right. Charles, were the people for a time opposed to the Beef Trust?"

"They were, and much injustice was done them. The government even went so far as to indict some of the greatest patriots connected with it."

"And what followed?"

"The said greatest patriots took a ship to Europe, enjoyed the liberty of free governments for a few months, and then returned to find a chance to raise prices again and convince the people at large that they were the original Liberty Bell."



A Patriot.

American independence would be a thing of the past."

JOE KERR.



Won't Take Long.

Unlabeled—I think you have merely been flirting with me, and I'm going to tell you my mind.

Miss Summers—Well, please go ahead; I can spare two or three seconds now just as well as at any time.

## STILL AT IT.

"I thought," said the little man with the loud voice, "I thought the President was after the railroads and their unjust rates."

"So he is," was the reply. "Have you got a case?"

"I have, sir. I weigh only 110 pounds. The fare for me to Chicago is \$3."

"Well?"



Get Killed, Sir—and Even Things Up.

"Well, the fare for a fat man weighing 280 pounds is just the same. Shouldn't he pay more or I pay less?"

"It looks that way at first glance, but when you come to consider that if you are killed they pay as much for a small man as a big one you see where the equity comes in. Get killed, sir—get killed and even things up."

JOE KERR.

## HOW HE WAS CRUSHED.

A dandified young man sat on the end of the seat of an open car with a sense of proprietorship, when another dandified young man jumped upon the footboard and stared at him for a moment and then said:

"Thir, why don't you hitch along?"

"Why should I hitch along?" queried the other.

"Because, thir—because I lisp. If you will pay attention you will see that I lisp. I have had a front tooth taken out, thir. Yes, sir, I have had a front tooth taken out so as to make me lisp, and I demand, thir—I demand that you hitch along and give me the end seat."

"You are way off, my lispng friend. Can't you see that I have just had my ears manured, and that they are of a beautiful pink?"

"Oh, I thee," said the lispng young man. "Yes, thir, I see, and I will admit that pink ears beat a lisp, and I will climb over you and thir down and feel duly crushed."

JOE KERR.

## BRINGING IT HOME.

"Ma," said the twelve-year-old boy, who was poring over the daily paper, "It tells here about a man who sold the government crop reports to speculators and made a big pile of money. Was that wrong?"

"Why, of course it was wr. g."

"Will he go to Heaven?"

"Certainly not."



"Will He Go to Heaven?"

"If pa had sold crop reports instead of being a bookkeeper at \$18 per week, would he have gone to Heaven?"

"No; but you see—"

"What, ma?"

"He'd have left money enough behind so that the rest of us could have gone there!"

JOE KERR.

## Particular Percy.

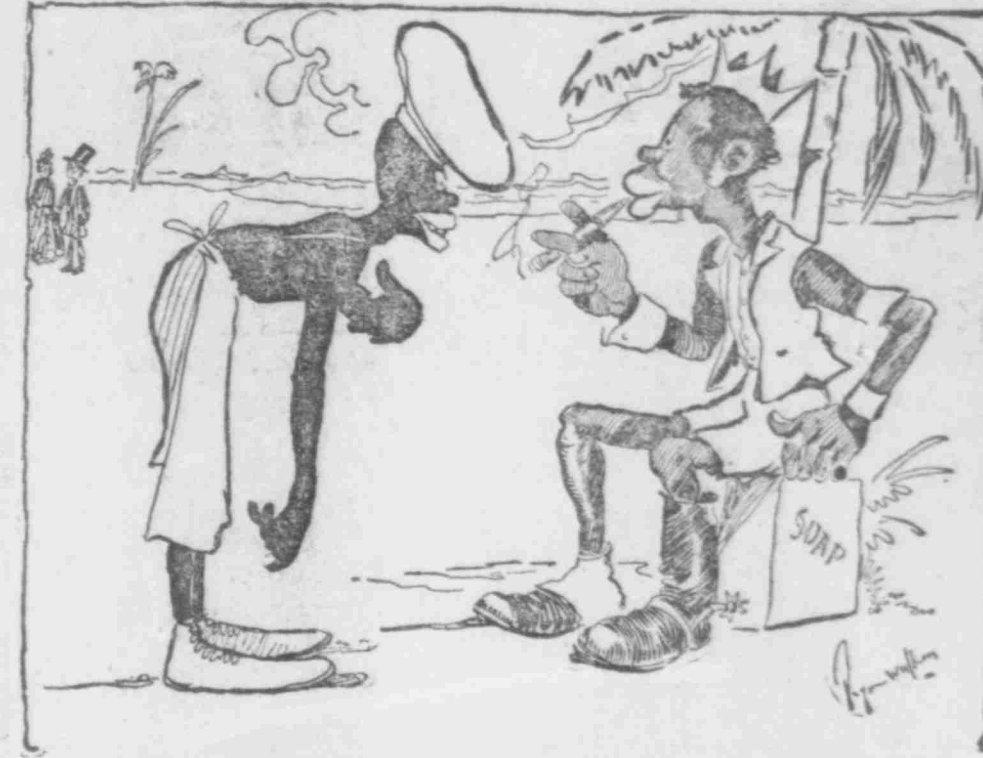
"I'll not go in to bathe today; I quite give up the notion. I shall wait until some other time. When nobody's using the ocean!"



NATURALLY.

Miss Subbubs—All the flowers in the garden are in bloom now, except the "four-o'clocks."

Mr. Wise—Maybe you forgot to wind them up.



POOR HENPECKED MISSIONARY.

Cannibal Chief—Why is that missionary so willing to die? His Cook—We captured his wife this morning and we've chained 'em together.



"Did de gang fire Dopey Diggs ter votin' de Prohibition ticket?"

"Naw; he proved he was full when he done it."

## THE REST BY MAIL.

"Well," said Stebbins, as he met Yorkes on the street the other day, "you have had a vacation."

"Yes; was away two weeks."

"Have a good time?"

"Very good, indeed."

Mr. Stebbins stood for a moment as if he wanted to inquire further, and Mr. Yorkes looked at him as if ready to answer, and then both passed on. The next morning both received postal cards by the same mail from each other. Stebbins wrote:



Received a Postal Card by the Same Mail.

"I meant to ask you if you caught any fish?"

And Yorkes wrote:

"Knowing what you wanted to ask, let me inform you in advance that there was no lake, no bait, no lines, no fish and no fool."

JOE KERR.



Never Stops.

He—Man has a perfect organ of speech. She—So has woman.

He—No, she hasn't. Hers is made without stops.



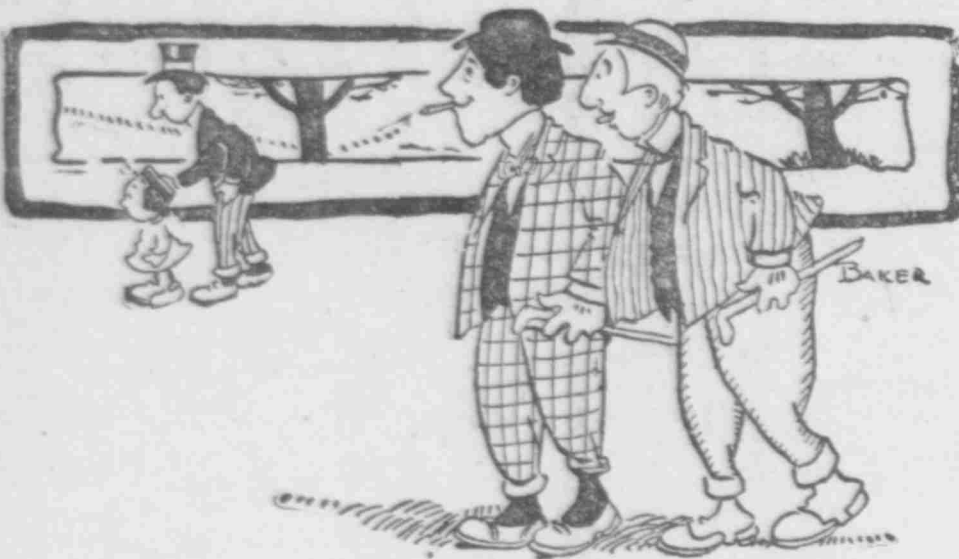
What do you think of this as a sample of woman's higher education? You don't mean it has caused your condition? That's just what I mean. My wife has been taking lessons in physical culture.



SHE KNEW HIM.

Mr.—Foogle says he's deeply in love with Miss Thomas.

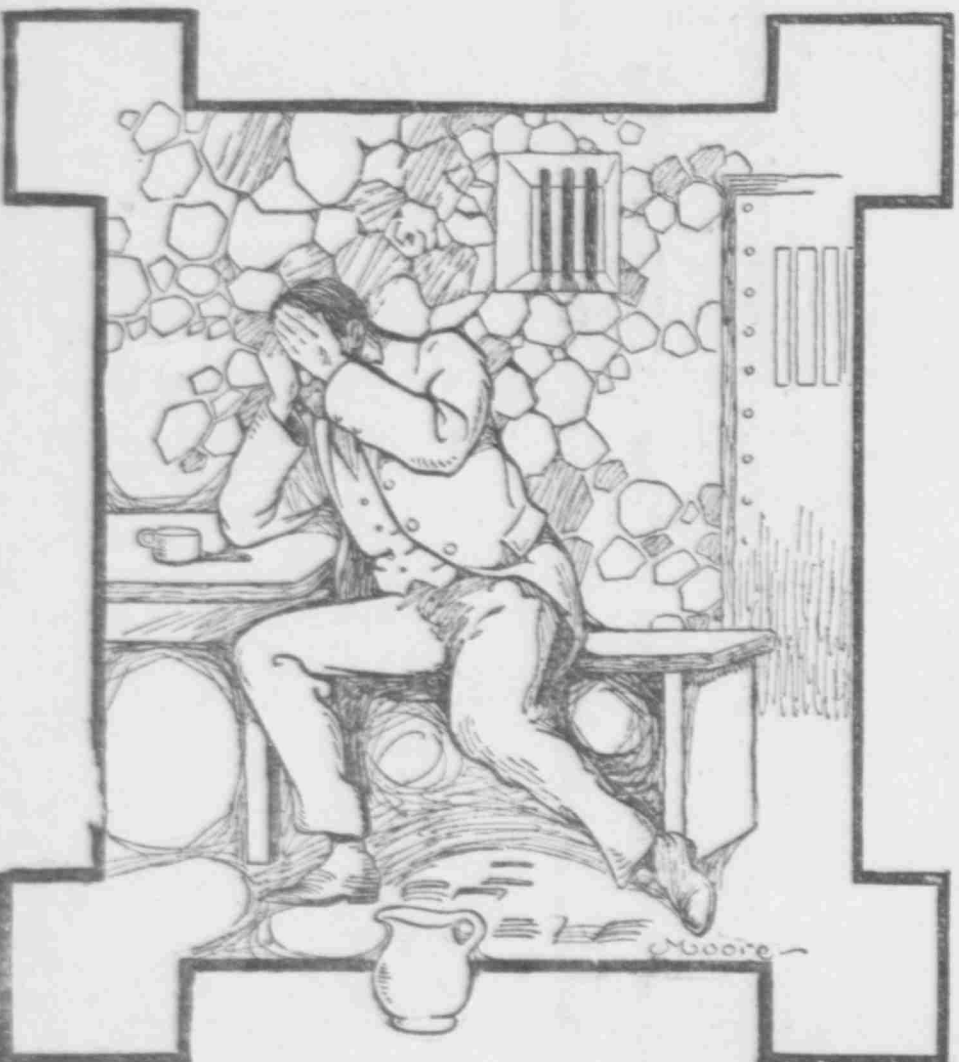
She—Don't you believe it. He's too shallow to be deeply in love with anyone.



EXPENSES HEAVY.

Hit—Are you going to spend all summer in town?

Dix—Yes, my wife is doing all the spending out town that I can afford.



The Man doth sorely weep, Behind the prison bars; But he would surely thank His very lucky stars.

Would he but raise his eyes And look about and see A friend who's come to help Him gain his liberty.